

As I shal telle yow echoon.
FIRST saw I the destruccioun
Of Troye, through the Greek
Sinoun,
That with his false forsweringe,
And his chere and his lesinge
Made the hors brought into Troye,
Thorgh which Troyens loste al hir joye.
And after this was grave, alas!
How Ilioun assailed was
And wonne, and king Priam yslayn,
And Polites his sone, certayn,
Dispitously, of dan Pirrus.
AND next that saw I how Venus,
Whan that she saw the castel brende,
Doun fro the hevne gan descende,
And bad hir sone Eneas flee;
And how he fledde, and how that he
Escaped was from al the pres,
And took his fader, Anchises,
And bar him on his bakke away,
Cryinge, Alas, and welaway!
The whiche Anchises in his honde
Bar the goddess of the londe,
Thilke that unbrende were.
AND I saw next, in alle this fere,
How Creusa, daun Eneas wyf,
Which that he lovede as his lyf,
And hir yonge son Iulo,
And eek Ascanius also,
fledde eek with dreary chere,
That hit was pitee for to here;
And in a forest, as they wente,
At a turninge of a wente,
How Creusa was ylost, alas!
That deed, but noot I how, she was;
How he hir soughte, and how hir gost
Bad him to flee the Grekes ost,
And seyde, he moste unto Itaile,
As was his destinee, sauns faille;
That hit was pitee for to here,
Whan hir spirit gan appere,
The wordes that she to him seyde,
And for to kepe hir sone him preyde.
Ther saw I graven eek how he,
his fader eek, and his meynec,
With his shippes gan to sayle
Toward the contree of Itaile,
As streight as that they mighte go.
THER saw I thee, cruel Juno,
That art daun Jupiters wyf,
That hast yhated, al thy lyf,
Al the Troyanisshe blood,
Renne and crye, as thou were wood,
On Eolus, the god of windes,
To blown out, of alle kindes,
So loude, that he shulde drenche
Lord and lady, grome and wenche
Of al the Troyan nacioun,
Withoute any savacioun.
THER saw I swich tempeste aryse,
That every herte mighte agryse,
To see hit peynted on the walle.

THER saw I graven eek withalle,
Venus, how ye, my lady dere,
To take a love only for chere,
Prayen Jupiter an hye
To save and kepe that navye
Of the Troyan Eneas,
Sith that he hir sone was.
THER saw I Joves Venus kisse,
And graunted of the tempest lisse.
Ther saw I how the tempest stente,
And how with alle pyne he wente,
And prevely took arrivage
In the contree of Cartage;
And on the morwe, how that he
And a knight, hight Achatee,
Metten with Venus that day,
Goinge in a queynt array,
As she had ben an hunteresse,
With wind blowinge upon hir tresse;
How Eneas gan him to pleyne,
Whan that he knew hir, of his peyne;
And how his shippes dreynte were,
Or elles lost, he niste where;
How she gan him comforte tho,
And bad him to Cartage go,
And ther he shulde his folk finde,
That in the see were left behinde.
AND, shortly of this thing to pace,
She made Eneas so in grace
Of Dido, queene of that contree,
That, shortly for to tellen, she
Becam his love, and leet him do
That that wedding longeth to.
What shulde I speke more queynte,
Or peyne me my wordes peynte,
To speke of love? hit wol not be;
I can not of that facultee.
And eek to telle the manere
How they aqueynteden in fere,
Hit were a long proces to telle,
And over long for yow to dwelle.
THER saw I grave, how Eneas
Tolde Dido every cas,
That him was tid upon the see.
AND after grave was, how she
Made of him, shortly, at oo word,
Hir lyf, hir love, hir lust, hir lord;
And dide him al the reverence,
And leyde on him al the dispence,
That any woman mighte do,
Weninge hit had al be so,
As he hir swoor; and herby demed
That he was good, for he swich semed.
Alas! what harm doth apparence,
Whan hit is fals in existence!
for he to hir a traitour was;
Wherfor she slow herself, alas!
O, how a woman doth amis,
To love him that unknowen is!
For, by Crist, lo! thus hit fareth;
Hit is not al gold, that glareth;
For, also brouke I wel myn heed,
Ther may be under goodliheed

Revered many a shrewed vyce;
Therfor be no wight so nyce,
To take a love only for chere,
for speche, or for frendly manere;
for this shal every woman finde
That som man, of his pure kinde,
Wol shewen outward the faireste,
Til he have caught that what him leste;
And thanne wol he causes finde,
And swere how that she is unkinde,
Or fals, or prevy, or double was.
Al this seye I by Eneas
And Dido, and hir nyce lest,
That lovede al to sone a gest;
Therfor I wol seye a proverbe,
That he that fully knoweth therbe
May sauely leve hit to his ye.
Withoute dred, this is no lye.
AND let us speke of Eneas,
How he betrayed hir, alas!
And lefte hir ful unkindely.
So whan she saw alutterly,
That he wolde hir of trouthe
faile,
And wende fro hir to Itaile,
She gan to wringe hir hondes two.
ALLAS! quod she, what me is wol!
Alas! is every man thus trewe,
That every yere wolde have a newe,
If hit so longe tyme dure,
Or elles three, peraventure?
As thus: of oon he wolde have fame
In magnifying of his name;
Another for frendship, seith he;
And yet ther shal the thridde be,
That shal be taken for delyt,
Lo, or for singular profyt.
In swiche wordes gan to pleyne
Dido of grete peyne,
As me mette redely;
Non other auctour alegge I.
Alas! quod she, my swete herte,
Have pitee on my sorwes smerte,
And slee me not! go noght away!
O woful Dido, wel away!
Quod she to herselfe tho,
O Eneas! what wil ye do?
O, that your love, ne your bonde,
That ye han sworn with your right honde,
Ne my cruel deeth, quod she,
May holde yow still heer with me!
O, haveth of my deeth pitee!
Ywis, my dere herte, ye
Knowen ful wel that never yit,
As ferforth as I hadde wit,
Agilte I yow in thought ne deed.
O, have ye men swich goodliheed
In speche, and never a deel of trouthe?
Alas, that ever hadde routhe
Any woman on any man!
Now see I wel, and telle can,
We wretched wimmen conne non art;
for certeyn, for the more part,

Thus we be served everichone.
How sore that ye men conne grone,
Anoon, as we have yow receyved,
Certeinly we ben deceyved;
for, though your love laste a sesoun,
Wayte upon the conclusioun,
And eek how that ye determynen,
And for the more part diffynen.
O, WELAWAY that I was born!
For through yow is my name lorn,
And alle myn actes red and songe
Over al this lond, on every tonge.
O wikke fame! for ther nis
Nothing so swift, lo, as she is!
O, sooth is, every thing is wist,
Though hit be kevered with the mist.
Eek, thogh I mighte duren ever,
That I have doon, rekever I never,
That I ne shal be seyde, alas,
Yshamed be through Eneas,
And that I shal thus juged be:
Lo, right as she hath doon, now she
Wol do eftsones, hardily.
Thus seyth the peple prevely.
AND that is doon, nis not to done;
Al hir compleynt ne al hir mone,
Certeyn, availeth hir not a stre.
AND whan she wiste sothly he
Was forth unto his shippes goon,
She in hir chambere wente anoon,
And called on hir suster Anne,
And gan hir to compleyne thanne;
And seyde, that she cause was
That she first lovede Eneas,
And thus counseilled hir therto.
But what! when this was seyde and do,
She roof herselfe to the herte,
And deyde through the wounde smerte.
But al the maner how she deyde,
And al the wordes that she seyde,
Whoso to knowe hit hath purpos,
Reed Virgile in Eneidos
Or the Epistle of Ovyde,
What that she wroot or that she dyde;
And nere hit to long to endyte,
By God, I wolde hit here wryte.
AND, welaway! the harm, the routhe,
That hath betid for swich untrouthe,
As men may ofte in bokes rede,
And al day seen hit yet in dede,
That for to thenken hit, a tene is.
O, Demophon, duk of Athenis,
How he forswor him ful falsly,
And trayed Phillis wikkedly,
That kinges doghter was of Trace,
And falsly gan his terme pace;
And when she wiste that he was
fals,
She heng herself right by the hals,
for he had do hir swich untrouthe;
Lo! was not this a wo and routhe?
EEK lo! how fals and reccheles
Was to Briseida Achilles,